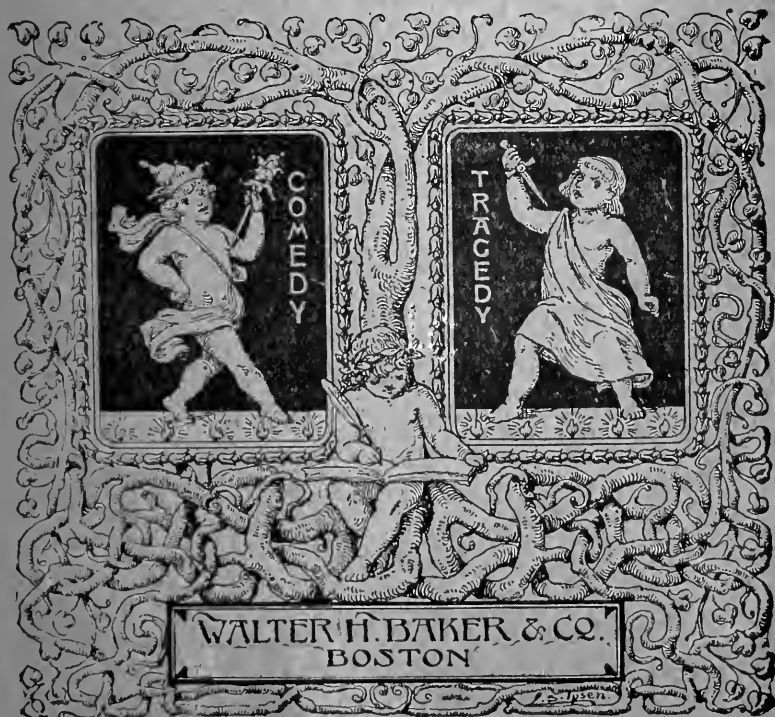


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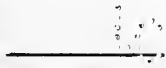
The Cuckoo's Nest

A Comedy in One Act

By
F. RONEY WEIR

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BOSTON
WALTER H. BAKER & CO.

1918

PS 635
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The Cuckoo's Nest

CAST OF CHARACTERS

MRS. JULIE PRICE.
MR. GATELY PRICE.
MRS. KATHERINE TUBB.
MR. SAMUEL TUBB.
MRS. HENRY.
MR. HENRY.



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no 1.

The Cuckoo's Nest

SCENE.—*Living-room in the Henry home. Door U. R., leading to street; door C., leading to stair hall, kitchen, etc. Screen in U. L. corner to conceal person who talks for parrot. Directly in front of screen parrot on stand, or in cage. Large easy chair C., with back to parrot, one other large chair and four smaller chairs to be used at dining-table. Small dining-table R. C., window R.*

(At rise of curtain there is a sound of street door being unlocked. Enter JULIE PRICE, dressed in neat but shabby black dress, wrap about shoulders, no hat. She comes down C., looking about admiringly as one in a strange house.)

PARROT *(behind the screen, in a loud shrill voice)*. I'm glad to see you!

JULIE *(startled, claps her palms to her cheeks, then remembers and laughs)*. Oh, so you are Mr. Piper, whom I am to feed? Oh, Mr. Piper, how you frightened me! *(Approaches bird.)* You'd like to "take a pick right oudt my finger," as Hilda warned, wouldn't you? Well, I sha'n't give you the chance! Hilda instructed me to give you your crackers from the tip of the toasting-fork, and your little bucket of water from the hook end of an umbrella. *(Throws wrap on chair, goes out door C., returning immediately with cracker on toasting-fork and little bucket of water on hook end of umbrella.)* Don't you think it a shame, you funny old fellow, that you have this lovely room to live in, while I—I live in a shack whose door opens upon an alley!

PARROT *(shrilly)*. Don't forget your boy!

JULIE *(reaching cracker to bird)*. Don't forget my

boy? Indeed, there's no danger of me forgetting my boy! (*Comes down c. with morsel of cracker still sticking to fork. Puts fork on table.*) Poor Gately, tramping this cruel city looking for work when by good rights he should be sitting at his own desk in his own law office! (*Picks up end of curtain absent-mindedly, examines it, then gazes out with unhappy expression. Brightens suddenly. Raps sharply on window and beckons. Runs to door R., opens and calls.*) Gately! Gately!

(*Exit, R.; returns immediately with GATELY PRICE.*)

GATELY. What in the world are you doing here in the Henry house all alone, Julie?

JULIE. Come on in, Gately! Isn't it lovely? Sit in this chair and rest a minute while I explain.

(*Pushes GATELY into easy chair with back to parrot. Takes his hat to hall, R.*)

GATELY. Thanks, Julie; this is heavenly! It's the first rest I've had to-day except for five minutes while I perched on the corner of a desk trying to persuade the owner of the desk to take me on as a roustabout in a railroad office.

JULIE (*perching on arm of chair, smooths husband's hair*). You poor tired dear! Well, let's play this lovely home is our own, just for a few moments, you know; just while you rest. Mr. and Mrs. Henry are in New York, and Hilda, the maid, was left in charge of the place. She was called away very suddenly to see her dying sister, and she left the house-key with me and asked me to come over once a day and feed the bird. We got acquainted at the grocer's.

GATELY. You and the bird?

JULIE. No, Hilda and I.

GATELY. We are coming on in the world; I have a large acquaintance among grocers who buy rubber gumdrops for the school trade, and you—you know Mrs. Henry's maid and her canary!

JULIE. At least we are neighbors of the Henrys!

GATELY. But the Henrys are not conscious of it.

JULIE. Who cares! It sounds well in our letters home. In my last one I told Aunt Jane all about Mrs. Henry's little party gown of sea-green chiffon, embroidered in silver, as if I had enjoyed the intimate pleasure of hooking it up in the back.

GATELY. You'll never make anything by lying, Julie. Keep truth on your side and save embarrassment.

JULIE. I didn't lie. Mrs. Henry has a sea-green party gown. I saw her wear it one day. She had a white aigrette in her hair, and tripped down the walk yonder and disappeared into a motor, and—Pff! (JULIE *imitates*) she was gone, and the dust of her car wheels sifted over me as I crossed the street. She looked perfectly beautiful. And besides, what I write home to Aunt Jane goes to Katherine Sawyer's mother, and then straight on to Katherine—Mrs. Tubb! Do you think I am going to let the wealthy Mrs. Tubb know that you couldn't make good at the law? Do you think I am going to let her feel justified in throwing you over because she was afraid you couldn't make a comfortable living for her?

GATELY. She was justified in throwing me over. I can't make a living at the law. I tried in Creekville and failed, and I've tried out here in the West, and failed again! And now I've lost my job of candy salesman and I've tramped all day looking for work.

JULIE. Poor old Gately!

GATELY. Understand, Julie, I'm not finding fault with Providence, for, taken by and large, I'm glad I did fail in Creekville. If I hadn't, I should have married Katherine Sawyer instead of you. It makes me shudder to think of it!

JULIE. Yet the day you asked me to marry you you said you had nothing to offer me save the shattered remains of a broken heart.

GATELY (*rising with a gesture of disgust*). Can't you forget my idiocy, Julie? Come, feed your canary and let's get back into our own hut! Will there be anything there to eat? I'm half starved!

(*Goes to table and eats remainder of cracker from end of toasting-fork.*)

JULIE (*at window*). There's a half loaf of dry bread and some cold potatoes — (*She stops suddenly and bows very politely to some one in the street.*) A very stylishly dressed woman is bowing to me from a taxi. Thinks I am Mrs. Henry, evidently. The taxi has stopped in front; she's getting out. (*With growing excitement.*) She's coming up the walk. Good heavens! it is—Katherine Tubb! (*Exit, R. Shrill sounds of women greeting in the hall R. Enter JULIE alone.*) It's Katherine, Gately! She's stepped to the door to call her husband from the taxi! She thinks this is our house! They are just passing through the city—only going to stay a few minutes. Let them keep on thinking it is our house. Oh, don't look that way, Gately, as if some one had just fired a pistol in your face! (*Pushes him down into the easy chair.*) Look at home! Look happy!

Enter KATHERINE TUBB and MR. TUBB.

KATHERINE (*advancing to GATELY with outstretched hands*). Oh, Gately!

GATELY (*rising*). Well, well, well!

(*They shake hands.*)

KATHERINE. Julie, Gately, this is my husband, Mr. Tubb. (*JULIE and GATELY shake hands with MR. TUBB. GATELY seats MR. TUBB C., KATHERINE R. JULIE sits L.; GATELY resumes seat with back to parrot.*) We've had a horrible time trying to find you!

MR. TUBB. Horrible time! Horrible time!

KATHERINE. We couldn't find you in the 'phone book, nor in the directory, but I remembered mamma said you lived on Summit Hill, and I said to Sammy, "Let's hire a taxi and drive round Summit Hill, and perhaps we may run across either Gately or Julie." And sure enough, there I happened to spy Julie standing in her window! (*Gazes about room.*) Say, but you have a swell place here, Gately! You must have done well in the West.

MR. TUBB. Fine place! Fine place!

PARROT (*screaming*). Don't forget your boy!

GATELY (*springing to his feet*). What the —

JULIE. The bird, Gately! The parrot—Mr. Piper—he's angry because you haven't spoken to him!

GATELY (*sinking back into his chair*). Suffering Moses! what a yell!

MR. TUBB (*politely*). Is that a parrot?

KATHERINE. Oh, no, Sammy; that is a memorial tablet.

MR. TUBB. I never liked 'em. Do you like 'em, ducky?

KATHERINE (*impatiently*). I don't know; I never had one.

MR. TUBB. Do you want one, dear?

KATHERINE. Don't be a fool! My hat hurts my head. (*Unpins it and takes it off.*)

JULIE. Of course. Let me put it in the hall until you are ready to go. [*Exit, R., with hat.*]

MR. TUBB. Does your head ache, ducky?

KATHERINE. Oh, shut up!

(JULIE returns.)

MR. TUBB (*to JULIE as she comes in*). Your husband is one of her old sweethearts, I understand?

JULIE (*pausing to L. of MR. TUBB and smiling down upon him*). Yes, indeed! Back in old Creekville where we were all so happy and so poor. It's astonishing, isn't it, Mr. Tubb, how soon young people forget their first loves?

KATHERINE (*gazing at GATELY*). They don't always forget! (*Sighs heavily.*) Gately, you must have a tremendous practice!

GATELY (*starting guiltily*). Oh—er—why——

JULIE (*breaking in*). Oh, Gately has too much to do. He works too hard!

(KATHERINE gazes about the room enviously.)

MR. TUBB. Come, ducky, we better be going pretty soon.

KATHERINE. Going! Already? We've only just got here! Our train doesn't leave until——

MR. TUBB. I know, I know, ducky; but there's that little taxi ticker pecking away at my pocketbook.

KATHERINE. Well, what of it? We're not paupers, are we?

MR. TUBB. Oh, no, of course—not yet; but (*to GATELY*) we soon would be if I let her have her way, eh? She's an expensive little baggage! She can knock a hole in a twenty-dollar bill the quickest of any chicken I ever met!

KATHERINE. We'll stay an hour yet. I haven't half my visit out!

GATELY. Why, certainly! Certainly! Stay—er—stay to dinner.

(*Glances in a fright at JULIE who makes gesture of despair unseen by her guests.*)

KATHERINE. Thank you, Gately, we will. We have plenty of time.

MR. TUBB (*jumping up*). If we're going to stay that long I'll dismiss the taxi——

KATHERINE. You'll do nothing of the sort! How would we get back to the station?

MR. TUBB (*attempting to chuck KATHERINE under the chin*). Why, slide right down on the street-car, ducky.

KATHERINE (*repelling him; he goes out R.*). I'll not go down town on the street-car! I'll stay with Julie and Gately a month first!

(*GATELY and JULIE exchange anxious glances. MR. TUBB returns.*)

PARROT. Don't forget your boy!

(*GATELY starts again, but not so violently as before.*)

MR. TUBB. Makes you nervous, don't he?

GATELY (*rising and moving easy chair back*). Yes; when a man's tired out——

MR. TUBB (*approaching the bird*). As I said before, I don't like 'em. He ain't ugly, is he?

GATELY. No, oh, no; he'll eat from your hand.

(*MR. TUBB stands between bird and audience. Pokes his finger at bird as JULIE speaks.*)

JULIE (*agitated*). Oh, don't—don't touch him!

(Noise of bird snapping.)

MR. TUBB (*howling, jumping up and down and clasp-
ing his forefinger*). He bit me! Good Lord—he bit me!
Look at the chunk he took out o' me! (*Glares at
GATELY.*) Feed from your hand, huh? I guess so!

JULIE (*running to MR. TUBB*). Oh, I'm so sorry, Mr.
Tubb! Oh, so sorry!

*(Shows symptoms of bursting into tears. So does MR.
TUBB. KATHERINE laughs loudly.)*

KATHERINE. Serves you right, Sammy; you'd no
business to stick your finger in the bird's face!

GATELY. That was the trouble, Mr. Tubb; the old
heathen couldn't stand your pointing your finger at him.

MR. TUBB. Didn't he ever bite you?

GATELY. Never. Really.

MR. TUBB. Well, you point your finger at him and see
if he don't!

GATELY. I—I think I'd rather be excused.

*(KATHERINE laughs. They gather round MR. TUBB.
Door-bell rings.)*

JULIE (*in great perturbation*). Gately, can't you help
him? Wash the blood away—or—or show him up-
stairs!

MR. TUBB. Yes! Yes! Why, this is a horrible gash!
I'm liable to have birdrophobia! (*To KATHERINE.*)
Come along, ducky, and help him with the rag!

*(GATELY leads him toward door c. in a wavering,
uncertain manner.)*

JULIE (*to KATHERINE*). Yes! Yes—you'd better go
with them. Go right up-stairs. (*Fairly pushes them off
c. Exeunt GATELY, MR. TUBB, and KATHERINE. JULIE
runs to window, gazes in direction of outside porch.*)
Who can it be? I hope it isn't Hilda come back pre-
maturely to catch us in this horrible dilemma! (*There
is the grating of a night key in the lock of the front door.*
JULIE *staggers to middle of stage, clasping her hands to
her bosom.*) No, it is not Hilda. It is—the Henrys!

Enter MRS. HENRY in smart traveling costume, followed by MR. HENRY carrying traveling bag, wraps, etc. They gaze at JULIE. The parrot breaks into chuckles, heehaws, or sailor catches. MR. TUBB'S voice of distress is audible from up-stairs, as is also KATHERINE'S laughter.

MR. HENRY. We seem to have guests.

PARROT. You're a wise old guy!

MR. HENRY. Be still, Mr. Piper!

MRS. HENRY. Where is Hilda?

JULIE (*going to door c. and closing it with a tragic air, comes down c. and faces MRS. HENRY*). I am the woman who lives in the alley beyond your neighbor's house over yonder.

MRS. HENRY (*coldly*). Oh!

MR. HENRY. Um-mm!

JULIE. I have let pride—and—a desire for revenge get me into a dreadful position—I—I'm—glad to have this chance to—to tell you everything—and to—to ——— (*Suddenly breaks down.*) Oh, I don't care what you do with me, but spare my poor husband! He's up-stairs doing up Mr. Tubb's finger—Mr. Piper, you know ———

MR. HENRY. Oh, yes.

JULIE. Those Tubb people knew us back home—back East where we came from. She—Katherine—Mrs. Tubb—was engaged to my Gately before I was. She threw him over because he didn't pass the bar examination, and she was afraid that he—would always be poor. I—I—wanted to show her how mistaken she had been.

MR. HENRY. I see.

MRS. HENRY (*relaxing a good deal*). And so you murdered Hilda and stowed her body under the coal in the basement and took possession of the house?

JULIE. No, Hilda's sister was sick and sent for her, and Hilda asked me to take care of Mr. Piper. I wasn't obliged to stow her under the coal. Katherine and her Mr. Tubb happened to be driving by in a taxi looking for Gately and me. Katherine caught sight of me in the window. She took it for granted this was our house. Oh, I was tempted! Put yourself in my place! Poor

Gately out tramping this wicked city looking for work—I in a house the door of which lets on an alley! Katherine with her Tubb and her taxi—and only for a call, she said at first, but now she has her hat off. And Gately made a blunder and asked them to stay to dinner.

(Throws herself down in a chair by the table and sobs with her face buried in her arms upon the table.)

MRS. HENRY *(in pantomime says to her husband)*.
“Poor thing!”

MR. HENRY. What is your husband's business?

JULIE *(rising)*. My husband is a lawyer, but—he hasn't succeeded in getting started yet, and—he's tried candy and—and—oh, he's willing to do anything—anything to make an honest living.

MR. HENRY. You say he is up-stairs with our—your—the guests?

JULIE. Yes, and if you will kindly get him down we will slip out of the back door and get away. You can explain to the Tubbs that we are house-breakers. I'd much rather they told back home that Gately and I had gone wrong than that we are starving to death in a shack with the door on the alley.

MRS. HENRY *(taking off coat and hat and throwing them on dining-table, comes down c. between JULIE and MR. HENRY)*. What's your bust measure?

JULIE. Thirty-six.

MRS. HENRY. I thought so. You must dress for dinner. Slip up-stairs, and I'll be with you in a moment. Come, Luther, we haven't a moment to lose. We must help these young people out of their difficulty. *(She throws an arm across her husband's shoulder coaxingly.)* You'll make a perfectly swagger butler, Luther. *(To JULIE.)* What sort of a man is your Gately? Will my husband's clothes fit him?

JULIE. Oh, no—oh, no; Gately's a head taller, and his shoulders——

MRS. HENRY. Pshaw! What's the use of such an out-size husband! Well, we'll do the best we can——

JULIE. Gately has on his best suit. I think when he is rested and brushed up——

MRS. HENRY. Of course he will. But now that we have started in to astonish the Tubbs we must finish it up to a frazzle. If you will loan me your little black dress I will borrow one of Hilda's caps and an apron, and while we dress you, Luther, must order dinner from town. Hookey's will be the best place, I think. Hurry!—I hear them coming. We'll dodge into the library until they get safely out of the way, and then we'll slip up-stairs.

JULIE. But—suppose Katherine should take it into her head to stay a month?

MRS. HENRY. We shall have to take chances on that.

MR. HENRY. In that case you will be obliged to discharge your butler!

MRS. HENRY. They are coming!

(Snatches hat and coat. MR. HENRY clutches hand-bag and they scuttle out c., turning to L. Enter GATELY, KATHERINE and MR. TUBB, c., MR. TUBB'S finger bandaged conspicuously. He holds it stiffly erect.)

MR. TUBB. If I were in your place, Price, I'd get rid of that parrot! It isn't safe to have such a thing around! *(GATELY brings easy chair down R. and seats MR. TUBB in it facing audience. KATHERINE seats herself well up L., motioning GATELY to sit beside her. He sits at her L. MR. TUBB looks at watch.)* What time do you dine? We must catch that overland train.

(Settles into chair and almost immediately falls asleep.)

GATELY *(uneasily)*. I wonder where Julie has gone!

KATHERINE. Never mind Julie; let us talk of old times. *(MR. TUBB snores.)* Gately, do you know the tragedy of an empty heart?

GATELY. No, but I know the tragedy of an empty stomach! What in the world has become of Julie?

KATHERINE. Have you forgotten that last evening we spent together, away back there in those happy days? Can't you remember that walk home from choir practice?

GATELY. Yes, my goodness, yes! I remember I had "Anthems of Praise" under one arm, a bag of bananas

and the hymnal under the other. We stood there beside your mother's front steps while you gave me what I thought then was a knock-out blow. You told me your aunt, who lived in Milwaukee, thought it a shame for a pretty girl like you to marry a boob in a country town for love, when you might do better. You said she had offered to give you a shy at riches if you would go to her, and that you were going. Then I handed over the "Anthems of Praise," the hymnal, and the bananas, took my ring, and went home.

KATHERINE. It was a terrible mistake!

GATELY. No, no, Katherine; it turned out for the best all the way round. I have Julie, and you have Mr. Tubb and wealth.

KATHERINE. Mr. Tubb! (*Disdainfully.*)

GATELY (*with a frightened glance toward the dozing MR. TUBB*). Sch-h-h-h! He'll hear you! (*MR. TUBB snores.*) He is wealthy, isn't he?

KATHERINE (*in a hissing whisper*). But stingy! I just have to wring the money out of him!

GATELY. Hum-m-m! He's the tub and you're the wringer! I wonder where Julie can be?

KATHERINE. And, Gately, Julie was not the wife for you! A man in your position needs a wife with some style.

GATELY. Oh, you're mistaken there, Katherine; Julie is just the wife for me! Dear little Julie! I couldn't live without Julie! She hasn't a bit of what you call style, of course — (*Enter JULIE exquisitely gowned.*

GATELY rises in amazement.) Julie!

JULIE. I'm afraid you're dreadfully hungry.

MR. TUBB (*wakening with a snort, draws out watch*). Lord, yes! (*Rises.*) When do you have dinner? We must catch that train.

JULIE (*crossing to MR. TUBB, R.*). Some of our rooms are undergoing repairs and it has caused a little confusion in the culinary regions.

Enter MR. HENRY as butler.

GATELY (*rising nervously, bows politely to MR. HENRY*). Ah—er—how do you do?

MR. HENRY. Shall I serve dinner here, or in the breakfast room, sir?

GATELY. Oh! Ha, ha! Yes—certainly! I—thought you were—some one else. Serve dinner? Oh—anywhere, anywhere, only—serve it soon!

JULIE. You may lay the cloth here, Andrews.

(MR. HENRY bows and retires.)

KATHERINE. A butler! Julie Price, do you mean to say you keep a butler?

JULIE. Just a man and one maid.

KATHERINE. You hear, Sam? And you thought me extravagant because I insisted upon having a second girl!

Enter MRS. HENRY as maid. She and MR. HENRY move table down stage a little way and proceed to serve dinner. Business of GATELY being bewildered but trying to hide it from his guests. MR. TUBB seems to be fascinated by the maid.

MR. TUBB (*during short absence of MR. and MRS. HENRY*). Say, Price, you have some mighty nifty people around you! That's what I call some hired girl! You are certainly pretty well fixed in this raw western country.

GATELY. Raw, but comfortable—quite comfortable—for young people just starting, you know.

Enter MR. HENRY with large covered dish.

MR. HENRY. Dinner is served, sir.

KATHERINE. Before we begin dinner I wish you would 'phone for a taxi, Sam. You were in such a hurry to discharge the other one!

MR. TUBB (*seating himself to R. of table and tucking his napkin over his collar*). Oh, hang the taxi! Let's eat!

KATHERINE (*standing c.*). Where is your 'phone, Gately? I'll call a taxi myself. (*MAID in doorway c. covertly signaling BUTLER. MR. TUBB thinks her flirting with him, wafts her a stealthy kiss. BUTLER goes up c.; she gives him a card. He goes out. MAID serves GATELY, who sits at table facing audience, and MR.*

TUBB.) I will not go at all unless you get a taxi! I'll stay with Gately and Julie!

(GATELY and JULIE convey their mutual anxiety to each other. Enter BUTLER with card on tray which he presents to GATELY.)

GATELY (*taking card; nervously*). What's this for? (*Reads card. Relieved, slips card in pocket.*) What's this, Katherine, about 'phoning for a taxi? Why not let me send you to the station in our own car? (*To BUTLER.*) Just tell the chauffeur to bring the car round at once.

(*Exit BUTLER. KATHERINE sits at L. of table, JULIE with back to audience.*)

MR. TUBB (*eating*). You keep a car of your own, do you, Price? What make is your machine?

KATHERINE. Think of it, Sam! And you argue and argue about calling a taxi!

GATELY (*eating ravenously*). My machine is a—er— my machine is not exactly a new one—it's a —

Enter BUTLER.

MR. HENRY. The chauffeur is on the wire, sir. He wishes to know if you want the run-about or the big car—the Leaver?

MR. TUBB (*explosively*). Huh—huhh! Leaver? I supposed the Leaver was the very latest word in automobiles!

GATELY. Oh—well—yes; in a way, but I am very particular in the matter of my—er—ha!—automobiles.

(*The MAID is at MR. TUBB'S L. with a plate of something when the door-bell rings in a loud and startling manner. She starts violently, telescoping MR. TUBB'S wounded finger with the plate.*)

MR. TUBB. Ouch! (*GATELY and JULIE half rise from the table in evident alarm.*) What's the matter? A fire?

Exit BUTLER, R.

KATHERINE (*eating calmly*). How nervous you are,

Gately. I don't remember that you used to be so back in Creekville. You must be working too hard.

(High piping voice of messenger boy in hall: "Telegram. Two bits for messenger fee.")

MR. TUBB. Telegram? By George, I wonder if that's for me!

(Jumps up and starts for door R. with napkin swinging.)

KATHERINE *(impatiently)*. How could it be for you? Nobody knows where you are!

MR. TUBB *(returning)*. That's so, ducky; you're as sharp as a little tack, ain't you?

Enter BUTLER looking very much worried.

GATELY. What was it, a telegram?

MR. HENRY. Yes, sir, but not for you. The messenger seemed a little confused. It was for a Mr. Henry.

(He beckons MAID, who crosses him in C. as he returns to his duties at the table. He gives her telegram unseen by the others. MAID reads telegram and shows great agitation. Returns to table, slips telegram to JULIE, standing at L. of KATHERINE while JULIE reads. JULIE on her part shows agitation.)

MR. TUBB *(looking at watch)*. Chuck your pudding, ducky; we must skip if we are to catch our train!

JULIE *(springing up immediately)*. Oh, must you go?

(Auto horn sounds without.)

MR. HENRY. Car waiting, sir.

KATHERINE *(still at table)*. I don't care if we do lose the train; there'll be another some time.

MR. TUBB. But these tickets won't be good on any other! Come along, I say!

(BUTLER runs in with MR. TUBB'S hat. KATHERINE rises leisurely. JULIE passes telegram to GATELY, who, during confusion, comes down L. and reads it on the side. Agitated. Business.)

KATHERINE. Must we really go, Sammy?

MR. TUBB. Why certainly, ducky! *(MAID runs in*

with KATHERINE'S coat and hat.) I don't propose to present the railroad company with the price of two first-class tickets—not if I know myself! Hurry up!

(MAID and JULIE hurriedly bundle KATHERINE into her things. Auto horn sounds again.)

KATHERINE. What shall I tell Aunt Jane for you?

JULIE. Give her my love and—(handing KATHERINE her muff) and——

KATHERINE. If we're too late for the train we'll come back.

JULIE. Of course.

(Follows guests to door R. All say "Good-bye, come again, you must come and see us," etc. All go out save MR. and MRS. HENRY.)

MR. HENRY (running to window R. and throwing it open). Speed her up, James! Speed her up! Must catch a train!

MRS. HENRY (frantically, over husband's shoulder). Speed her, James! Speed her!

(They draw in their heads as GATELY and JULIE reënter from outer hall. Auto horn honks shrilly.)

MR. HENRY. That will be a wild ride! (Solemnly.)

JULIE. Thank heaven, they're off! That was a narrow escape!

MRS. HENRY. Narrow indeed! (Picks up telegram from floor at extreme L., where GATELY had dropped it after reading, and reads it aloud.) "Luther:—Your Aunt Caroline and the girls arrive at your house Tuesday about seven o'clock. Uncle Fred."

MR. HENRY (consulting watch). They're due now any minute!

MRS. HENRY. It's a case of speed the parting, welcome the coming guests!

JULIE. Oh, what if the Tubbs should miss the train and come back?

GATELY (to MR. HENRY). You would have to send your Aunt Caroline to meet them at the door and tell them that we had moved!

MR. HENRY. They would be apt to think that was sharp work in the line of moving. But they won't be back; they'll make that train. James recognized the anxiety in my voice, I think.

GATELY. They may not come back to-night, but they'll come next summer and bring all Creekville with them! Then what's the answer?

MR. HENRY (*impressively*). Why this: Before Creekville has time to get here you must make good!

GATELY. But I am down and out! I can't get even a toehold!

MR. HENRY. Pshaw! Brace up! I don't know how much of a lawyer you are, but somehow I have received the impression that you are honest! I'm going to take you into the office. You may begin by making collections and attending to the overflow of business. Later—perhaps—but we'll let that rest for the present.

GATELY (*clasping MR. HENRY'S hand fervently*). How can I thank you, sir? I've tramped all day trying to convince the public of my honesty! I didn't go at it right, I see. The way to convince a man that you are honest is to steal his house and lot!

(*Exeunt MR. HENRY and GATELY with hands still clasped.*)

JULIE. There is only one way in which I can give a practical demonstration of my gratitude to you, Mrs. Henry, and that is, until Hilda returns, to be your servant, even as you have been mine! Come, let's run and change dresses and then I'll clear away.

MRS. HENRY. You dear little thing!

(*They dance off holding hands.*)

PARROT (*screaming*). Don't forget your boy!

CURTAIN

COLLEGE DAYS

A College Comedy in Three Acts

By George M. Rosener

Ten males, four females. Costumes, modern ; scenery, two interiors and an exterior. Plays two hours. Quincy Jordan, the son of a tyrannical farmer, wins a scholarship offered by a prominent newspaper and throws off the paternal yoke. At Westward College, which he has chosen because the girl he loves is there, he is at first disadvantaged by his circumstances, but he soon makes good both with head and fists and not only defeats the plot for his downfall that his rivals lay for him, but comes out a victor in college, wins the girl he loves, and carries all before him. A fine piece with many fine parts ; strongly recommended. Lots of comedy. Professional rights reserved.

Price, 25 cents

CHARACTERS

QUINCY JORDAN, *a farmer.*
QUINCY, JR., *his son.*
SQUIRE DRAKE, *a rich farmer.*
JEROME, *his son.*
UNCLE HEZ, *a town character.*
POOR HOUSE ONNIE, *another.*
PAUL PRYE, *the bully.*
PROFESSOR REX, *a teacher.*
HAL DEXTER, *a student.*
HARRY C. GRAHAM, *a politician.*
JIM BRADY, *a reporter.*
JERSEY, *Quincy Jordan's wife.*
VIOLET, *Squire Drake's daughter.*
AUNT SALLY, *a town character.*

Any number of students.

SYNOPSIS

ACT I.—Exterior of Quincy Jordan's farm, near the summer school of Westward College.

ACT II.—Exterior of Westward College. The home of Professor Rex.

ACT III.—Quincy, Jr.'s, law office out West four years later.

THE COLLEGE POLITICIAN

A College Farce Comedy in Three Acts

By H. W. Weis and D. T. Howard

Sixteen males, five females. Costumes, modern ; scenery, three interiors. Plays two hours. Ted Kingsley, an outsider, applies the political methods of the outside world to the problem of winning the election for football manager in his college and, after an exciting campaign in which he shows great ability in this line and sets the college on end, he wins the office and the sister of his rival at one blow. An exciting play, with the true college atmosphere. Lots of good parts ; not difficult ; well recommended.

Price, 15 cents

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By Elsie Fogerty and others

The following adaptations from standard plays, classical and modern, have been specially arranged for amateur performance in girls' schools. The text is accompanied in all cases by all necessary plates and diagrams, and by full and minute marginal notes and instructions for production. A copious introduction gives a full description of the stage, the lighting, the costumes, properties, both stage and hand, and answers in advance all possible questions that may come up in the process of rehearsal. In all respects they are the most complete and helpful versions of plays ever offered for acting.

The Alkestis of Euripides

Adapted by Elsie Fogerty

Nine characters and chorus.

Plays an hour and a half.

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Adapted by Elsie Fogerty

Eleven characters and chorus.

Plays two hours.

Price, 25 cents

Scenes From the Great Novelists

Adapted by Elsie Fogerty

Scenes from **THE ABBOTT**, by Scott. "The Changing of the Keys."
Seven characters—plays forty minutes.

Scene from **THE MILL ON THE FLOSS**, by George Eliot. "Mrs. Pullet's New Bonnet." Five characters—plays twenty minutes.

Scene from **ADAM BEDE**, by George Eliot. "Mrs. Poyser has her Say." Five characters—plays twenty-five minutes.

Scene from **A CHRISTMAS CAROL**, by Dickens. "The Cratchits' Christmas Dinner." Eight characters—plays forty minutes.

Price, 25 cents

The Masque of Comus

By Milton. Adapted by Lucy Chater

Nine characters and chorus. Plays

forty minutes; with music.

Price, 25 cents

The Enterprise of the Mayflower

In Four Acts, by Amice Macdonell

For Children. Fourteen characters.

Plays an hour and a half.

Price, 25 cents

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BAKER, 5 Hamilton Place, Boston, Mass.

THE FARMERETTE

A Play in Three Acts

By Evelyn Gray Whiting

Seven females. Costumes, modern; scenery, one interior. Plays two hours. Nan Wellington throws up a good job in the city when her mother dies, and comes back to the old homestead to save it to the family. Her plucky fight as a "farmerette" against inexperience, nature, and human villainy and greed provides a play of unusual interest for all girls. Recommended.

Price, 25 cents

CHARACTERS

JANE WELLINGTON, *sixteen and still "unkissed."*

JOCELYN WELLINGTON, *fourteen or fifteen years old, the little Bugologist*

ELNORA WELLINGTON, *a girl of nineteen or twenty; a born homemaker.*

MRS. BECKWITH, *a woman of sixty or seventy; an unfriendly neighbor.*

NAN WELLINGTON, *a dainty blonde of twenty-two; the Farmerette.*

MINNETTE WELLINGTON LAWSON, *older than Nan and in good contrast; an admirer of soulful eyes.*

GRACIOUS ANN BEAN, *a stout, middle-aged colored "pusson"; a believer in "Calicothenics."*

SIX TIMES NINE

A Comedy in Two Acts

By Gladys Ruth Bridgham

Eleven females. Costumes, modern; scenery, an interior and an exterior. Plays one and a half hours. A party of American girls and their chaperon traveling abroad encounter the Princess Vara of Wollenholde in her summer home without recognizing her, and in her company bear themselves with credit in some warlike incidents of her reign. Very exciting and full of charm. Well recommended.

Price, 25 cents

CHARACTERS

PRINCESS VARA OF WOLLENHOLDE.

COUNTESS ALEXIS, *her aunt.*

COUNTESS YVONNE, *her cousin.*

FREDA, *her maid.*

LURINE RAJE.

MRS. AVERY HAMILTON HAPGOOD, *of Concord, Mass., U. S. A.*

WINIFRED TUFTON

LUCY SIMPSON

MOLLY ANDREWS

AMELIA LEE

DELIA, *Mrs. Hapgood's maid.*

Pupils in Mrs. Hapgood's Seminary.

JOINT OWNERS IN SPAIN

A Comedy in One Act

By Alice Brown

Four female characters. Costumes, modern; scenery, a single easy interior. Plays twenty minutes. A very humorous sketch of high literary quality by a well and widely known author; an almost guaranteed success in performance. Has been produced at The Bijou Dream, Boston, and at The Little Theatre, Chicago, and can be recommended without reserve. Its story is told of three old inmates of an Old Ladies' Home, and grows out of the clash of their elderly eccentricities. Royalty, \$5.00 a performance.

Price, 25 cents

CHARACTERS

MRS. MITCHELL, *a Director of the Old Ladies' Home.*

MRS. FULLERTON

MISS DYER

MRS. BLAIR

} *Inmates of the Home.*

THE CHRISTENING ROBE

A Comedy in One Act

By Anne L. Estabrook

One male, three female characters. Scenery, an easy interior; costumes, modern. Plays thirty-five minutes. A humorous and entertaining piece for four Irish characters in the style of the well-known plays of Lady Gregory; a seriously intended picture of Irish character, not a travesty of it. Nora Mulvey lends the robe that her husband's sister, Sarah, has given her for her baby's christening, to Mrs. Leahy, and her husband, Barty, has pawned it for drink; upon this basis is cleverly built a little domestic comedy full of humor, pathos and character. Strongly recommended. Performance free.

Price, 25 cents

CHARACTERS

NORA MULVEY.

MRS. RYAN, *Nora's mother.*

PATRICK MULVEY, *Nora's husband.*

SARAH MULVEY, *Patrick's sister.*

AMERICA PASSES BY

A Play in One Act

By Kenneth Andrews

Two male, two female characters. Costumes, modern; scenery, an easy interior. Plays thirty minutes. Originally produced by the Harvard Dramatic Club, April 12, 1916, with success. A comedy of high class that can be strongly recommended. The story of a little love affair that flourished in the romantic atmosphere of Japan, but that, transplanted to prosaic Chicago, withers and dies. Good character drawing and strong dramatic interest. Royalty, \$5.00 a performance.

Price, 25 cents

CHARACTERS

A YOUNG MAN.

HIS FIANCÉE.

A YOUNG HUSBAND.

HIS WIFE.

A COLLEGE MAN

A Comedy in Four Acts

By Earl Reed Silvers

Six males, three females. Scene, an interior; costumes, modern. Plays an hour and a half. Budd Stone, going through college on money supplied at a great sacrifice by his father, has won, in the character of a rich student, the regard of Zelda Saunders. When he is asked to give back the unused balance of this fund to help his devoted father pay the mortgage on the farm, he refuses rather than lose his degree and possibly his girl. The father, attempting to recover the money despite the son's refusal, is taken for a thief, and matters thus come to a climax. All ends well. Very interesting and recommended for college performance.

Price, 25 cents

CHARACTERS

BILL RENDALL, *Sophomore.*

MR. STONE, *Budd's dad.*

PEANUT JONES, *Freshman.*

GERALDINE HARRIS, *aristocrat.*

BUDD STONE, *Junior.*

ZELDA SAUNDERS, *the girl.*

TED WILLIS, *Senior.*

MRS. BROWNLEY, *chaperon.*

PROFESSOR "JOHNNY" MILLER.

SYNOPSIS

ACT I. A fraternity study. Early afternoon.

ACT II. Evening of the same day.

ACT III. Two-thirty the next morning.

ACT IV. Nine o'clock of the same morning.

PATRIOTIC SCENES OLD AND NEW

A Platform Entertainment

By Elvie Kimball Macoy

Five males, twenty-four females. Scenery, unimportant; costumes, fancy. Plays twenty minutes at most. Introducing Columbia, Uncle Sam, Spirit of '76, Betsy Ross, Liberty, Barbara Frietchie and other patriotic figures in a series of tableaux accompanied by readings in verse. Very timely and easy to produce.

Price, 15 cents

THE REVEL OF THE YEAR

An Entertainment in One Act

By Jessie A. Kelley

Twenty-two characters, more or less, male and female. Scenery unnecessary; costumes, fancy. Plays forty-five minutes. An entertainment of the twelve months intended to be used in connection with a sale or fair. Very picturesque and easy to get up.

Price, 15 cents

THE CHUZZLEWITS

Or, TOM PINCH

A Dramatization in Five Acts by F. E. Fowle of Charles Dickens' novel "Martin Chuzzlewit"

Fifteen males, six females. Costumes of the period; scenery, four interiors and one exterior. Plays a full evening. This version expands the story of Tom Pinch, already made popular in the comedy of that name, by the addition of the highly dramatic proceedings of the Chuzzlewit family, and thus provides a much stronger and more representative play. All the familiar characters of the novel appear and offer a great variety of exceptionally strong parts. Strongly recommended for schools.

Price, 25 cents

CHARACTERS

MR. SETH PECKSNIFF, <i>architect.</i>	LEWSOME.
MR. ANTHONY CHUZZLEWIT.	MR. NADGETT.
MR. JONAS CHUZZLEWIT, <i>his son.</i>	MR. MODDLE.
OLD MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT.	TWO POLICE OFFICERS.
MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT, <i>his grandson.</i>	MARY GRAHAM.
TOM PINCH.	MERCY PECKSNIFF.
MR. MONTAGUE TIGG.	CHARITY PECKSNIFF.
OLD CHUFFEY.	SARAH GAMP.
BAILEY.	BETSY PRIG, <i>a friend of Sarah's.</i>
MR. MOULD.	JANE, <i>Pecksniff's servant.</i>
	MAID.

SYNOPSIS

ACT I.—Parlor at Mr. Pecksniff's. Wiltshire.

ACT II.—Room in house of Mr. Anthony Chuzzlewit. London.

ACT III.—*Scene 1:* Garden at Mr. Pecksniff's.

Scene 2: Room in an Inn at Holborn.

ACT IV.—*Scene 1:* Apartment at Montague Tigg's. London.

Scene 2: At Anthony Chuzzlewit's—same as Act II.

ACT V.—The same as previous scene.

ONE ON DICK

A Comedy in Two Acts

By Gladys Ruth Bridgman

Six females. Costumes, modern; scenery, one easy interior. Plays one hour. Free of royalty. Just as the girls are trying on their costumes for amateur theatricals in the absence of their parents, who disapprove of such things, Aunt Elizabeth unexpectedly arrives on a visit, and simply has to be kept in the dark. Her confusion over the strange crowd into which she is plunged, and Evelyn's frantic search for some indiscreet letters that happen to be on the premises, afford a very amusing and exciting hour. Colored comedy character. Recommended.

Price, 25 cents

H. W. Pinero's Plays

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Plays two and a half hours.

THE NOTORIOUS MRS. EBBSMITH Drama in Four
Acts. Eight
males, five females. Costumes, modern; scenery, all interiors.
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THE PROFLIGATE Play in Four Acts. Seven males, five
females. Scenery, three interiors, rather
elaborate; costumes, modern. Plays a full evening.

THE SCHOOLMISTRESS Farce in Three Acts. Nine males,
seven females. Costumes, mod-
ern; scenery, three interiors. Plays a full evening.

THE SECOND MRS. TANQUERAY Play in Four Acts.
Eight males, five
females. Costumes, modern; scenery, three interiors. Plays a
full evening.

SWEET LAVENDER Comedy in Three Acts. Seven males,
four females. Scene, a single interior,
costumes, modern. Plays a full evening.

THE THUNDERBOLT Comedy in Four Acts. Ten males,
nine females. Scenery, three interi-
ors; costumes, modern. Plays a full evening.

THE TIMES Comedy in Four Acts. Six males, seven females.
Scene, a single interior; costumes, modern. Plays
a full evening.

THE WEAKER SEX Comedy in Three Acts. Eight males,
eight females. Costumes, modern;
scenery, two interiors. Plays a full evening.

A WIFE WITHOUT A SMILE Comedy in Three Acts.
Five males, four females.
Costumes, modern; scene, a single interior. Plays a full evening.

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RICHELIEU Play in Five Acts. Fifteen males, two females. Scenery elaborate; costumes of the period. Plays a full evening.

THE RIVALS Comedy in Five Acts. Nine males, five females. Scenery varied; costumes of the period. Plays a full evening.

SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER Comedy in Five Acts. Fifteen males, four females. Scenery varied; costumes of the period. Plays a full evening.

TWELFTH NIGHT; OR, WHAT YOU WILL Comedy in Five Acts. Ten males, three females. Costumes, picturesque; scenery, varied. Plays a full evening.

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